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Puck's Presidential Possibilities — No. II.
OLD-MAN-READY-TO-BE-STRUCK.



THE HIGH ART TEA.



THEY SIP their tea. 'T is black,
Real Russian Caravan, with just a squeeze
Of lemon. All real Russian teas
Are served up thus, and do not lack
A dash of rum; while, as for cream—
"They'd laugh at you in Russia," says the host,
An Artist—(his *atelier*'s a dream,
With raw silk drapery hung with much
eclat.)
He never paints, 't is true; but that's a
part
That only stands for what's *me-
chanical* in Art.
Real Art is *tea* that comes in small
bricks from Herat,
And pretty girls—to worship as their
Tsar
The Studio-tea Artist with his Sam-
ovar!

Roy L. McCardell.

A SPECIFIC THREAT.

FRIEND.—You don't mean to
say the tariff bill will really injure
your business?

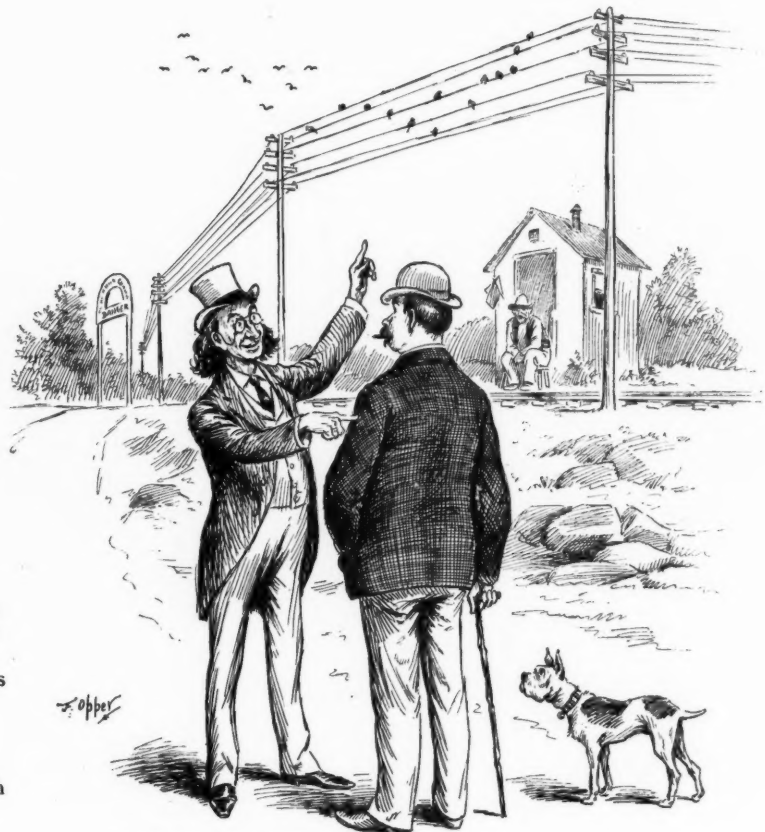
PROTECTED MANUFACTURER.—Yes, I do. The moment it becomes
a law our Trust withdraws its Washington branch.

VICTORIOUS DEFEATS.

KNOWET ALLE.—Newriche is still determined to enter English
society.

F. DE SEEKEL.—What method will he try this time?

KNOWET ALLE.—He is going to take a canal-boat over and try
yacht-racing.



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AN INSPIRATION.

MR. WAGNER SCORES (*the young compos.*).—Lend me a
piece of paper and a pencil, quick!

HIS FRIEND.—Certainly; but what's the matter?

MR. WAGNER SCORES.—See those birds on those wires?
—it's a magnificent opening *motif* for my new overture! I
want to jot it down before I forget it!

THE SHOE CHANGED.

LABOR LEADER.—Hooray! Another big stroike is on, and
Oi've tied up tin railroads. But phwat are yeh lookin'
so glum about?

WIFE.—The servant gir-rul demanded foive
dollars a wake, and so Oi paid her off an' tould
her to go.

"Thot was roight. Sure, we'd soon
be in th' poor-house if we paid thot."

"But she did n't go. She hung around
the house, and when I hired another gir-rul
she most bate th' loife out av her."

"She did?"

"She did thot! And thin she clum
into the kitchen windy and smashed all th'
cookin' things and broke all the dishes, so dthe
new gir-rul cud do no wur-ruk."

"Moy! Moy!"

"And thin she tried to burn th' house."

"Begorry, this country is gettin' so it's not fit to live
in at all, at all!"



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A LIFE-SAVING DEVICE.

FIRST BUSINESS MAN.—It's a mighty queer thing to have in a business office—
a score card with telegraphic communication every inning.

SECOND BUSINESS MAN.—Yes; but it saves many lives each Summer. Why,
there has n't been a tenth of the deaths in the families of my clerks since I started it.

"VAN DEMMIT tells me he spends all his time between New
York and Paris."

"Yes. He lives in Jersey."

FOR "CARTOONS AND COMMENTS," SEE SEVENTH PAGE.



ONE WAY OF PUTTING IT.

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HE.—Does your father seem pleased with our engagement?

SHE.—I guess so. He has been telling all around that he has had an addition to the family.

THE MOTHER'S OUTING.



IE LILY'S SASH; and have you brought the bag?
And did you close the windows? Come here, Will!
Dear me! Your handkerchief looks like a rag—
How warm you are! I wish you *could* keep still;
Don't race about the boat. Yes; by-and-by
We'll—Bridget, please don't let the baby cry.

That is the Battery, and that's the—Jess,
Come off that railing, and sit here by me;
Or, stay with Bridget, if you like. I guess
You'd better put your coat on. That's the sea
Off there—you *can't* be hungry yet, my son!
Where are the biscuits? And give Lily one.

Bridget, why *is* the baby crying? Hush,
Ted, Lily, Jess! You *must* n't romp like that;
Just see those little steam tugs, how they rush—
And watch the waves. Good gracious! Mind your hat,
You'll lose it overboard—oh, oh, oh, oh!
You reckless, careless boy. I told you so!

Your nice new hat! Did n't you hear me call?
You'll be tanned black—run after Lily, quick;
The boat rocks so, she's sure to get a fall.
Jess, what's the matter? Are you feeling sick?
You look so pale, lean down your little head;
Get her some ice-water, and hurry, Ted.

Oh, *don't* eat peanuts! You want lemonade?
Well, here's a dime; but, mind you, don't go near—
Why *does* the baby cry so? I'm afraid
I'll have to take him. Bridget, fetch him here,
And see what those young mischiefs are about.
I wonder *why* I ever bring them out?

Madeline S. Bridges.

WHEN THE shark is down in the mouth he must be sick
all over.

THE MOST dangerous hole in a man's pocket is the one at
the top.

THE ELEPHANT is not too big to concentrate his mind on
a peanut.

THE COMPARATIVE DEGREE.

"Any swagger?" asked the first bandit.

"Swagger!" rejoined the other in a hoarse whisper, nodding in the
direction of the Summer Girl he had just captured.

Were I the sun, Oh, fairest maid,
(Not that I envy your complexion,)
If freckles worry, I'm afraid
I'd give you cause for deep dejection.



FATHERLY ADMONITION.

FATHER (who has taken his son to the swimming bath, angrily).—Confoundt
dot poy; he never learns noddings! Maurice, Maurice, schwim into der deep
vater und get der vort' of your money!

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ILLUSTRATIONS BY C.J. TAYLOR.

BY H.C. BUNNER.

IX.

"SAMANTHA BOOM-DE-AY."

IT WAS a long, rough, sunlit stretch of stony turnpike that climbed across the flanks of a mountain range in Maine, and skirted a great forest for many miles, on its way to an upland farming-country near the Canada border.

As you ascended this road, on your right hand was a continuous wall of dull-hued evergreens, straggly pines and cedars, crowded closely and rising high above a thick underbrush. Behind this lay the vast, mysterious, silent wilderness. Here and there the emergence of a foamy, rushing river, or the entrance of a narrow corduroy road or trail, afforded a glimpse into its depths, and then you saw the slopes of hills and valleys, clad ever in one smoky, bluish veil of fir and pine.

On the other hand, where you could see through the roadside brush, you looked down the mountain slope to the plains below, where the brawling mountain streams quieted down into pleasant water-courses; where broad patches of meadow-land and wheat-field spread out from edges of the woods, and where, far, far off, clusters of farm-houses, and further yet, towns and villages, sent their smoke up above the hazy horizon.

It was a road of so much variety and sweep of view as it kept its course along the boundary of the forest's dateless antiquity, and yet in full view of the prosperous outposts of a well-established civilization, that the most calloused traveler might have been expected to look about him and take an interest in his surroundings. But the three people who drove slowly up this hill one August afternoon might have been passing through a tunnel for all the attention they paid to the shifting scene.

Their vehicle was a farm-wagon; a fine, fresh-painted Concord wagon. The horses that drew it were large, sleek, and a little too fat. A comfortable country prosperity appeared in the whole outfit; and, although the raiment of the three travelers was unfashionably plain, they all three had an aspect of robust health and physical well-being, which was much at variance with their dismal countenances — for the middle-aged man who was driving looked sheepish and embarrassed; the good-looking, sturdy young fellow by his side was clearly in a state of frank, undisguised dejection, and the black-garbed woman, who sat behind in a splint-bottomed chair, had the extra-hard granite expression of the New England woman who particularly disapproves of something; whether that something be the destruction of her life's best hopes or her neighbor's method of making pie.

For mile after mile they jogged along in silence. Occasionally the elder man would make some brief and commonplace remark in a tentative way, as though to start a conversation. To these feeble attempts the young man made no response whatever. The woman in black sometimes nodded and sometimes said "Yes?" with a rising inflection, which is a form of torture invented and much practiced in the New England States.

It was late in the afternoon when a noise behind and below them made them all glance round. The middle-aged man drew his horses to one side; and, in a cloud of dust, a big, old-fashioned stage of a dull red color overtook them and lumbered on its way, the two drivers interchanging careless nods.

The woman did not alter her rigid attitude, and kept her eyes cast down; but the passing of the stage awakened a noticeable interest in the two men on the front seat. The elder gazed with surprise and curiosity at the freight that the top of the stage-coach bore — three or four traveling trunks of unusual size, shape and color, clamped with iron and studded with heavy nails.

"Be them trunks?" he inquired, staring open-mouthed at the sight. "I never seen trunks like them before."

Neither of his companions answered him; but a curious new expression came into the young man's face. He sat up straight for the first time; and, as the wagon drew back into the narrow road, he began to whistle softly and melodiously.

When Samantha Spaulding was left a widow with a little boy, she got, as one of her neighbors expressed it, "more politeness than pity." In

truth, in so far as the condition has any luck about it, Samantha was lucky in her widowhood. She was a young widow, and a well-to-do widow. Old man Spaulding had been a good provider and a good husband; but he was much older than his wife, and had not particularly engaged her affections. Now that he was dead, after some eighteen months of married life, and had left her one of the two best farms in the county, everybody supposed that Mis' Spaulding would marry Reuben Pett,

who owned the other best farm, besides a saw-mill and a stage-route. That is, everybody thought so, except Samantha and Pett. They calmly kept on in their individual ways, and showed no inclination to join their two properties, though these thrived and waxed more and more valuable year by year. They were good friends, however. Reuben Pett was a sagacious counselor, and a prudent man of affairs; and when Samantha's boy became old enough to work, he was apprenticed to Mr. Pett, to the end that he might some day take charge of the saw-mill business, which his mother stood ready to buy for him.

But the youthful Baxter Spaulding had not reached the age of twenty when he cast down his mother's hopes in utter ruin by coming home from a business trip to Augusta and announcing that he was going to marry, and that the bride of his choice was a young lady of the variety stage who danced for a living, her specialty being known as "hitch-and-kick."

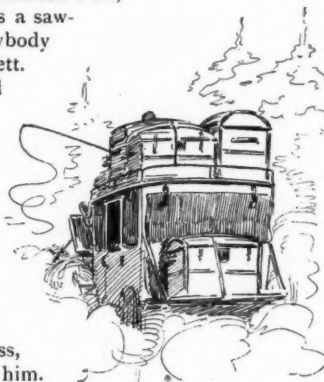
Now, this may not seem, to you who read this, quite a complete, perfect and unimprovable thing in the way of the abomination of desolation; but then you must remember that you were not born and raised in a far corner of the Maine hills, and that you probably have so frequently seen play-actress-women of all sorts that the mere idea of them has ceased to give you cold creeps down your back. And to Samantha Spaulding the whole theatrical system, from the Tragic Muse to the "hitch-and-kick artiste," was conceived in sin and born in iniquity; and what her son proposed to do was to her no whit better than forgery, arson, or any other ungodliness. To you of a less distinctively Aroostook code of morals, I may say that the enchanter of young Spaulding's heart was quite as good a little girl in her morals and her manners as you need want to find on the stage or off it; and "hitch-and-kick" dancing was to her only a matter of business, as serio-comic singing had been to her mother, as playing Harlequin had been to her father, and as grinning through a

horse-collar had been to her grandfather and great-grandfather, famous old English clowns in their day, one of whom had been a partner of Grimaldi. She made her living, it is true, by traveling around the country singing a song called "Ta-ra-ra boom-de-ay," which required a great deal of high-kicking for its just and full artistic expression; but then, it should be remembered, it was the way she had always made her living, and her mother's living, too, since the old lady lost her serio-comic voice. And as her mother had taught her all she knew about dancing, and as she and her mother had hardly been separated for an hour since she was out of her

cradle, Little Betty Billington looked on her profession, as you well may imagine, with eyes quite different from those with which Mrs. Samantha Spaulding regarded it. It was a lop-sided contest that ensued, and that lasted for months. On one side were Baxter and his Betty and Betty's Mama — after that good lady got over her natural objections to having her daughter marry "out of the profession." On the other side was Samantha, determined enough to be a match for all three of them. Mr. Reuben Pett hovered on the outskirts, asking only peace.

At last he was dragged into the fight. Baxter Spaulding went to Bangor, where his lady's company happened to be playing, with the avowed intention of wedding Betty out of hand. When his mother found it out,

(Continued on page 26, this number.)





PUCK'S SUGGESTION TO FARMERS IN THE ADIRONDACKS.

While the gunning season is on, why not have your live stock fitted out in bullet-proof suits?

NO DANGER.

MAUD.—Is n't it calm and peaceful here by the sea?

ETHEL.—Oh, yes, indeed! I have n't once felt as though I ought to look under my bed before going to sleep.

IN THE case of many washing-soaps
All lauded to the sky,
There's one well-known ingredient—
That's—concentrated lie.



HIS PRESENCE WOULD INSPIRE CONFIDENCE.

FARMER SALLSBERRY.—But, supposin' one of them there police asks me what's in the bag, what must I tell him?

PILOT (*the green goods steerer*).—Why, just tell him anything; say sawdust, for instance.

FARMER SALLSBERRY.—But he might n't believe me.

PILOT.—Oh, yes he will; you don't look like a man who would fool a policeman.

TOO EASY.

WIGGS.—How would a Zebra Man do as an attraction?

FUTLITES.—First rate; but how could we get one?

WIGGS.—Send one of the scene shifters to South Beach with a twenty-nine-cent bathing-suit.

PLAUSIBLE.

LITTLE JOHNNY.—Aunt Julia, what makes those funny spots on your face?

AUNT JULIA (*who is very freckled*).—I believe it's because I have so much iron in my blood; it is only when I have been out in wet weather, though, that they are noticeable.

LITTLE JOHNNY.—Oh, yes; I know! You go out in the weather and the iron in your blood gets rusted.



A SAD CASE.

BROOKS.—You say Miss Yorker is n't at home? Why, I saw her come in not half-an-hour ago.

BRIDGET.—That may be, sor; but I heard her say, not ten minutes ago, that if she were to live in Brooklyn a thousand years, she'd never be at home here.

ADVICE.

POLITICIAN.—What would you do about those charges?

FRIEND.—Well, considering the evidence, I think this is a case for scornful silence!

A RURAL STROPHE.

Across the land the sunset dies,
The even shadows fall;
Athwart the dusk the black bat flies,
Far off the kildeers call.

She waits, this simple country lass,
Until the woods grow dim—
"So Pop, if Hapgood's hogs trespass,
Kin git the law on him!"



AN EGOTIST is a man who thinks the world thinks as well of him as he does himself.

ONE LETTER AND ANOTHER.

ONE LETTER.

NEW YORK, — (never mind what the date is).



DEAR JOE:

To your kind invitation I'll have to say No;
And I might as well make a clean breast of it now,
For your wife will be guessing the truth, anyhow.
Let's see, it must now be some twenty odd years
That you've made me the butt of your gibes and your jeers
Because I declined to fall down to each girl
Who to you seemed a pure matrimonial pearl.
You said I was captious, fastidious and cold,
But I've found this girl silly and that one too bold.
You assured me that this one or that one would do,
(And I wondered if you'd like my choosing for you!)
And you and your kind and adorable spouse
Have made quite a rose-bud bazar of your house;
All of which I enjoyed, except having you try
To lure me each bargain you offered to buy.
And, oh! when I did n't, the scorn that you hurled
At the taste that you called too refined for this world!
I wanted an angel — perfection supreme,
An impossible creature — a goddess — a dream.
I wanted much more than a plain mortal man
Ever gets in this world where we get what we can.
So you said — well, I'll get it — I've found it, old man!
Her name's Molly Miller — and oh! the whole earth
Never yet to so perfect a creature gave birth.
I met her last Summer. I loved her at sight,
And I'm going to ask her the question to-night.
And so you'll excuse me, old man. Mrs. Joe
Will be simply delighted with Molly, I know.
And you both will admit I was wiser to wait
And find the one woman meant for me by Fate.
But I laugh when I think how you both used to scold
And hurry and worry

Yours ever,

I. MOULD.

THE OTHER.

NEW YORK, Tuesday Morning.

DEAR GLADYS —

I'll send

The samples you asked for before the week's end.
But I don't think you'll like them. — Oh, Gladys, tell Fan
She remembers that queer, little, bald, oldish man
Who lived near us last Summer and bothered us so;
Mr. Mildew, the girls used to call him — she'll know.
Mr. Mould was his name — and it's quite too absurd,
She'll simply die laughing, — well, dear, on my word,
He came in last evening as cool as could be
And proposed — just imagine it, Gladys! — to me!
And, really and truly, that wretched old man
Was surprised when I sent him away. And tell Fan
I should put feather-stitching just over the hem,
And the lace underneath.

Yours with love,

MOLLY M.

THE MAN who has a tendency to make an ass of himself never lacks
for skill and material.

A TORPID LIVER — The
Hermit.

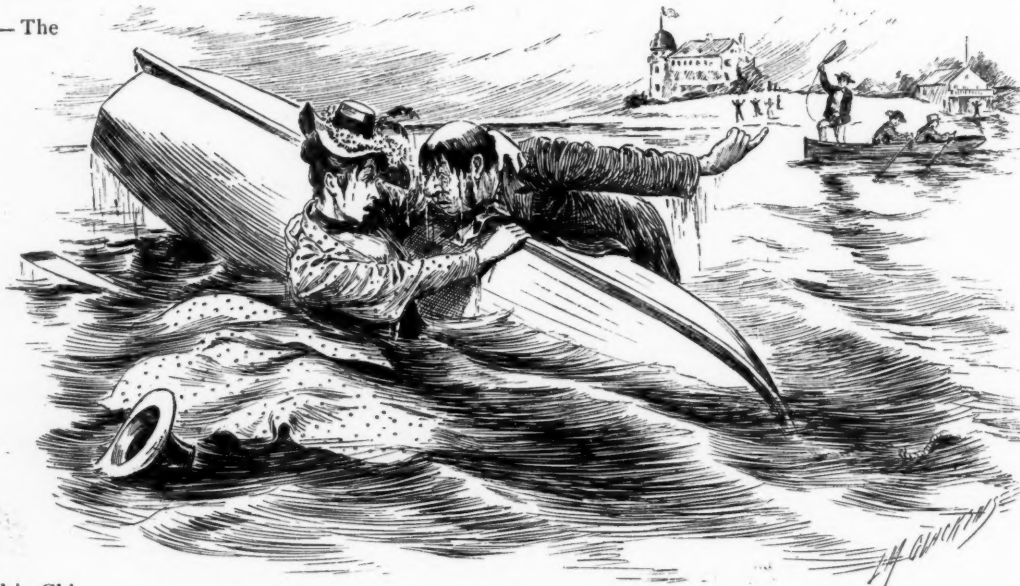
THE ONLY thing a
man wants,
after he gets all the
money he needs, is
more.

THE WAY of the
transgressor is
often a puzzle to
the detectives.

THE SPINSTER
is the prune of
the human family.

MONEY CAN not
make the mare
go in 2:10.

"YES; I have lived in Chi-
cago all my life."
"Then tell me — are mar-
riages failures?"



HER TERROR.

HUSBAND. — Keep quiet now, and don't be afraid! Here comes help from the yacht club.
WIFE (in apparent agony). — Oh, dear! Is my hat on straight?



A SMALL REQUEST.

WANDERER. — Say, Mister, would you like to save a fellow-man
a week of untold misery, at a little trouble to yourself?

PROPRIETOR. — Most assuredly!

WANDERER. — Well, then, take that bonnet out of your window
for awhile. Here comes my wife, and if she sees it she'll pester the
life out of me to buy it for her.

REALISM.

"Have you seen that last picture of Palette's?" asked Longbow,
lighting a cigar.

"No," replied Whoppers; "I have not."

"Well, it was a picture of a masked robber leveling a revolver
straight at the beholder! It was so realistic that, when people looked at it
they instinctively held up their hands."

Whoppers pulled a cigar out of his own pocket, and bit off the end.

"I was mistaken," he said, as he felt for a match; "I did see that
picture. I saw it at the exhibition. I remember it perfectly, now; for
right opposite it, on the other wall, was hung a magnificent portrait of a
New York policeman, by D'Auber. D'Auber's picture was so life-like as to
excite the astonishment of everybody."

"In what way?" asked Longbow, suspiciously.

"In this way," answered
Whoppers, as he ex-
tracted a lucifer from
the lining of his
vest; "when they
hung it up in front
of Palette's 'Rob-
ber,' D'Auber's po-
liceman faded right
out of the canvas."

Ernest Graham Dewey.

ANARCHIST. —
Gimme lib-
erty or gimme —
PASSER-BY. —
What?

ANARCHIST. —
What'll ye gimme?

HOUSES OF CARDS
are pretty sub-
stantial when the
police are fixed.

HE. — They say kissing
is unhealthy.
SHE. — Everything has
its risks.



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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

**CONCERNING
THE WILD
REPUBLICAN EDITOR.**

THE REPUBLICAN editor is a strange, weird creature these days. Either he has lost his head, or else he has had it refitted throughout with an extensive assortment of new wheels, all warranted to run overtime. He was all right when Congress convened. He knew his lines then, and he recited them diligently. They were to the effect that American industry was about to be paralyzed by sinful Democrats, that the American workingman, face to face with starvation, would perish off the earth, and that everything was going to the bow-wows as a result of sacrilegious tariff-tinkering. "Tariff-tinkering," by the way, is how a Republican defines any act reducing the tariff. "Tariff-revision," which is the only legislative indulgence he allows himself, always means "to increase the tariff." Well, the Republican editor had his fit of hysterics every morning, and his sympathetic readers cheered him on every time he prophesied a new kind of calamity. But now, alas! he has forgotten his old lines, and to-day he is floundering around in a way that must mortify his old subscribers. He is simply making a horrid spectacle of himself. He has learned a wondrous new piece which he declaims day after day, and its words come strangely from his mouth. Instead of ranting about the ruin of American industry he is actually denouncing the Democratic party for its failure to completely overthrow the Republican policy of Protection. He is annoying and perplexing his readers by seeming to pose as a rabid free-trader. Why has the Republican editor quit celebrating the manifold glories of Protection? Why does he denounce the Democratic party for failing to abolish Protection?

Take the *New York Tribune*, for instance, — that is, just for this one instance. When the tariff bill first began to assume shape the editor of that staunch Republican sheet had his daily hysterics as easily as a small boy has colic. The sacrificial hand was about to be laid upon American prosperity; commercial life was in the grasp of the tariff-stranglers. But, no more of this now. His hysterics are as regular, as violent as of yore, but they are otherwise provoked. Let us try to see just where the *Tribune* editor thinks he is. There were two parties in the fight, Republican and Democratic. The former stood for and the latter against Protection. The Republican tariff, which the Democratic party sought to modify, had been dictated by American manufacturers. It was the boast of the Republican party that its most important mission was to tax certain imports so that home manufacturers could secure higher prices for similar articles. Now, keeping in mind that the Republican party had long been hand-in-glove with every important monopoly in the country, and that it had proudly pointed to this alliance as its chiefest glory, let us see how the *Tribune* editor regards a bill which, he alleges, is built on Republican lines. "Democracy," he says, "is the party of Trusts and Monopolies. . . . If he signs that infamous compact with the refiners, distillers and other combinations, he will be their patron and accomplice." He further speaks of the "tainted and offensive measure, intended to enrich a greedy monopoly," and he says the Democratic party has "legislated directly and shamelessly in the interest of Trusts and Monopolies." After having demonstrated, according to his own lights, that the Senate Tariff Bill is the quintessence of all that is iniquitous in tariff legislation, this same Republican editor comes out, on the 21st day of August, 1894, and says: "The new tariff bill is distinctly not a Democratic tariff in principle. In important portions it treats all Democratic principles and pledges with absolute contempt. In spots it is really and highly protective." From these *Tribune* editorials a beautiful syllogism blossoms as a rose in the desert. Here it is:

The Senate Tariff Bill is iniquitous.
It is "distinctly not a Democratic bill," but "highly protective."
Therefore, Protection is iniquitous

We hardly think this is what the *Tribune* editor started out to prove. We have n't the least idea what he did try to prove. We doubt if any one knows exactly. His assertion that many of the schedules in the Senate bill were dictated by Trusts is undoubtedly true, and, to that extent, we condemn the bill as heartily as does the *Tribune*. But our condemnation is logical, while that of the *Tribune* editor is worse than childish. Every protective schedule that remains in the bill is a triumph for Republican principles, and ought to cause rejoicing in Republican ranks. How can a Republican editor logically condemn a bill for its Republican features? Our private opinion is that the *Tribune* tariff editorials are written by a highly respectable inmate of a well-known Old Ladies' Home in Brooklyn. We also believe that some of the old sailors who whittle out toy boats down on Staten Island are writing pieces about the tariff for many of the *Tribune's* contemporaries. Almost without exception they score the Senate bill for the very reasons that caused them to hail the McKinley Bill with unbridled enthusiasm.

It is a glaring inconsistency, and here is what we believe to be the plain truth of the matter. The Republican press, feeling the pulse of the people, has observed symptoms of the people's disgust for Protection and its evils. As these symptoms are pronounced and unmistakable, it has deemed it politic to fall in line and denounce Protection wherever it is found in the Democratic bill. This is encouraging. There could be no surer guarantee of the deep and widespread desire for tariff reform than the obvious fear of the Republican press to insist upon the glories of Protection at this critical time.

TALKING WITH AN EXPERT.

MRS. HOJACK.—I had such a very interesting conversation with that gentleman yonder.

MRS. TOMDIK.—Who is he?

MRS. HOJACK.—He is a Mr. Lease, of Kansas. We discussed the servant girl question.

ACROSS THE BAR.

SUMMERLY.—Are there many life saving stations here on the Maine coast?

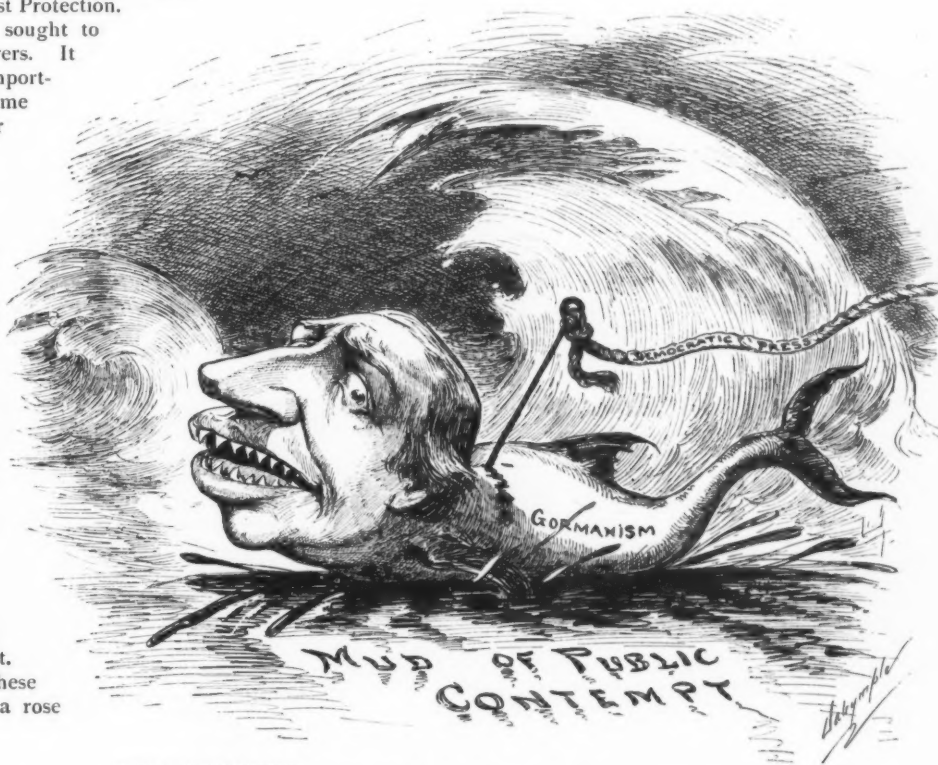
NATIVE.—Wal, there's giner'ly one at every bathing beach, but they mostly keeps mighty poor whiskey.

A USELESS ERRAND.

"I walked up the street in the hot sun and overheated myself," said Mr. Bloobumper, as he sat down, puffing and blowing, and began to fan himself at a furious rate.

"What was your errand?" asked his wife.

"I wanted to consult a thermometer."



THE STRANDED SHARK.

(Adapted from picture of the real thing in N. Y. World of August 12th.)



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THE OPENING OF

UNCLE SAM (to the genius of Commerce). — Those tolls ain't as low as we want 'em.

PUCK.



ING OF THE GATE.

as we want 'em; but they're the best we can do at present. Now let business go on!

J. Ottmann Lith. Co. Puck Building N.Y.

she took Reuben Pett and her boy's apprenticeship-indenture to Bangor with her, caught the youngster ere the deed was done, and, having the majesty of the law behind her, she was taking her helpless captive home on this particular August afternoon. He was on the front seat of the wagon, Samantha was on the splint-bottomed chair, and Reuben Pett was driving.

It was a two-days' drive from the railroad station at Byram's Pond around the spur of the mountain to their home. The bi-weekly stage did it in a day; but it was unwonted traveling for Mr. Pett's easy-going team. Therefore, the three travelers put up at Canada Jake's camp; so called, though it was only on the edge of the wilderness, because it was what Maine people generally mean when they talk of a "camp" — a large shanty of rough, unpainted planks, with a kitchen and eating-room below, and rudely partitioned sleeping-rooms in the upper story. It stood by the roadside, and served the purpose of an inn.

Canada Jake was lounging in the doorway as they came up, squat, bullet-headed and bead-eyed; a very ordinary specimen of mean French Canadian. He welcomed them in as if he were conferring a favor upon them, fed them upon black, fried meat and soggy, boiled potatoes, and later on bestowed them in three wretched enclosures overhead.

He himself staid awake until the sound of two bass and one treble snore penetrated the thin partition planks; and then he stole softly up the ladder that served for stairway, and slipped into the moonlit little room where Baxter Spaulding was lying on a cot-bed six inches too short for him. Putting his finger upon his lips, he whispered to the wakeful youth:

"Sh-h-h-h-h! You got you' boots on?"

"No," said Baxter softly.

"Come wiz me and don' make no noise!"

And the next thing that Baxter Spaulding knew, he was outside of the house, behind the wood-pile, holding a slight but charming figure in his arms, and saying:

"Why, Betty! why, Betty!" in a dazed sort of way, while a fat and motherly lady near by stood shaking with silent sobs, like a jelly-fish convulsed with sympathy and affection.

"We 'eaded you off in the stage-coach!" was all she said.

The next morning Mr. Reuben Pett was called out of the land of dreams by a familiar feminine voice from the next room.

"Reuben Pett!" it said; "where is Baxter?"

"Baxter!" yelled Mr. Pett; "your Ma wants yer!"

But Baxter came not. His room was empty. Mr. Pett descended and found his host out by the wood-pile, splitting kindling. Canada Jake had seen nothing whatever of the young man. He opined that the youth most 'ave got up airlee, go feeshin'.



Reuben Pett went back and reported to Samantha Spaulding through the door. Samantha's voice came back to him as a voice from the bottom sub-cellar of abysmal gloom.

"Reuben," she said; "them women have been here!"

"Why, Samantha!" he said; "it ain't possible!"

"I heard them last night," returned Samantha, in tones of conviction. "I know, now, I did. I thought then I was dreamin'."

"Most likely you was, too!" said Mr. Pett encouragingly.

"Well, I wa'n't!" rejoined Mrs. Spaulding, with a suddenness and an acerbity that made her listener jump. "They 've stole my clothes!"

"Whatever do you mean, Samantha?" roared Reuben Pett.

"I mean," said Mrs. Spaulding, in a tone that left no doubt whatever that what she did mean she meant very hard; "I mean that that hussy has been here in the night, and has took every stitch and string of my clothing, and ain't left me so much as a button-hole, except — except — except —"

"Except what?" demanded Reuben, in stark amazement.

"Except that there idolatrous flounced frock the shameless critter doos her stage-dancing in!"

Mr. Pett might, perhaps, have offered appropriate condolences on this bereavement had not a thought struck him which made him scramble down the ladder again and hasten to the woodshed, where he had put up

his team the night before. The team was gone — the fat horses and the fresh painted wagon, and the tracks led back down the road up which they had ridden the day before.

Once more Mr. Pett climbed the ladder; but when he announced his loss he was met, to his astonishment, with severity instead of with sympathy.

"I don't care, Reuben Pett," Samantha spoke through the door; "if you 've lost ten horses and nineteen wagons. You got to hitch some kind of a critter to *suthin'*, for we 're goin' to ketch them people to-day or my name 's not Samantha Spaulding."

"But Law Sakes Alive, Samantha!" expostulated Mr. Pett; "you ain't goin' to wear no circus clothes, be ye?"

"You go hunt a team, Mr. Pett," returned his companion, tartly; "I know my own business."

Mr. Pett remonstrated. He pointed out that there was neither horse nor vehicle to be had in the neighborhood, and that pursuit was practically hopeless in view of the start which the runaways had. But Mrs. Spaulding was obdurate with an obduracy that made the heart of Reuben Pett creep into his boots. After ten minutes of vain combating, he saw, beyond a doubt, that the chase would have to continue even if it were to be carried on astraddle a pair of confiscated cows. Having learned that much, he went drearily down again to discuss the situation with Canada Pete.

Canada Pete was indisposed to be of the slightest assistance, until Mr. Pett reminded him of the danger of the law in which he stands who aids a runaway apprentice in his flight. After that, the sully Canadian awoke to a new and anxious interest; and, before long, he remembered that a lumberer who lived "a piece" up the road had a bit of meadow-land reclaimed from the forest, and sometimes kept an old horse in it. It was a horse, however, that had always positively refused to go under saddle, so that a new complication barred the way, until suddenly the swarthy face of the *habitant* lit up with a joyful white-toothed grin.

"My old calèche zat I bring from Canada! I let you have her, hey? You come wiz me!"

And Canada Pete led the way through the underbrush to a bit of a clearing near his house, where were accumulated many years' deposits of household rubbish; and here, in a desert of tin-cans and broken bottles and crockery, stood the oldest of all old calashes.

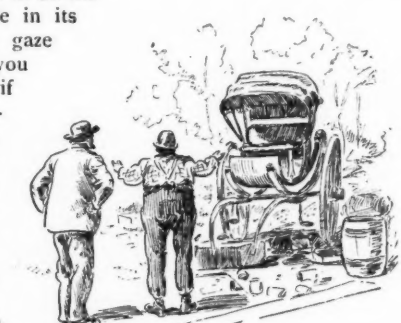
There are calashes and calashes, but the calash or calèche of Canada is practically of one type. It is a high-hung tilting chaise, with a commodious back seat and a capacious hood, and with an absurd, narrow cushioned bar in front for the driver to sit on.

It is a startling looking vehicle in its mildest form, and when you gaze upon a calash for the first time you will probably wonder whether, if a stray boy should catch on behind, the shafts would not fly up into the air, bearing the horse between them. Canada Pete's calash had evidently stood long a monument of decay, yet being of sturdy and simple construction, it showed distinct signs of life when Pete seized its curved shafts and ran it backward and forward to prove that the wheels could still revolve and the great hood still nod and sway like a real calash in commission. It was ragged, it was rusty, it was water-soaked and weather-beaten, blistered and stained; but it hung together, and bobbed along behind Canada Pete, lurching and rickety, but still a vehicle, and entitled to rank as such.

The calash was taken into Pete's back-yard; and then, after a brief and energetic campaign, Pete secured the horse, which was a very good match for the calash. He was an old horse, and he had the spring-halt. He held his long ewe-neck to one side, being blind in one eye; and this gave him the coquettish appearance of a mincing old maid. A little polka-step, which he affected with his fore-feet, served to carry out this idea.

Also, he had been feeding on grass for a whole Summer, and his spirits were those of the young lambkin that gambols in the mead. He was happy, and he wanted to make others happy, although he did not seem always to know the right way to go about it. When Mr. Pett and Canada Pete had got this animal harnessed up with odds and ends of rope and leather, they sat down and wiped their brows. Then Mr. Pett started off to notify Mrs. Samantha Spaulding.

Mr. Pett was a man unused to feminine society; except such as he had grown up with from early childhood, and he was of a naturally modest, even bashful disposition. It is not surprising, therefore, that he was startled when, on re-entering the living-room of Canada Pete's camp, he found himself face to face with a strange lady, and a lady, at that, of a strangeness that he had never conceived of before. She wore upon her



head a preposterously tall bonnet, or at least a towering structure that seemed to be intended to serve the purpose of a bonnet. It reminded him — except for its shininess and newness — of the hood of the calash; indeed, it may have suggested itself vaguely to his memory that his grandmother had worn a piece of headgear something similar, though not so shapely, which in very truth was nicknamed a "calash" from this obvious resemblance. The lady's shapely and generously feminine figure was closely drawn into a waist of shining black satin, cut down in a V on the neck, before and behind, and ornamented with very large sleeves of a strange pattern. But her skirts — for they were voluminous beyond numeration — were the wonder of her attire. Within fold after fold they swathed a foamy mystery of innumerable gauzy white underpinnings. As Mr. Pett's abashed eye traveled down this marvel of costume it landed upon a pair of black stockings, the feet of which appeared to be balanced somewhat uncertainly in black satin slippers with queer high heels.



"Reuben Pett," said the lady suddenly and with decision, "don't you say nothing! If you knew how them shoes was pinching me, you'd know what I was goin' through."

Mr. Pett had to lean up against the door-post before recovering himself.

"Why, Samantha!" he said at last; "seems to me like you had gone through more or less."

Here Mrs. Spaulding reached out in an irritation that carried her beyond all speech, and boxed Mr. Pett's ears.

Then she drew back, startled at her own act, but even more surprised at Mr. Pett's reception of it. He was neither surprised nor disconcerted. He leaned back against the door-post and gazed on unperturbed.



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ARIZONA SOCIETY NOTE.

BRONCHO PETE. — I've got to go to the dance to-night down at Deadman's Gulch.

FIVE-FINGERED JAKE. — What for?

BRONCHO PETE. — Editor of the *Mountain Echo* asked me to get him a list of the killed and injured.

INCOMPETENT.

WING. — Did you have any luck on your hunting expedition?

KING. — None at all. Confound that guide!

WING. — What was the trouble with the guide? Did n't he know the country?

KING. — He knew the country well enough; but he's the worst shot I ever ran across.

AMPLE RESOURCES.

MRS. VAN BANK. — I did n't know the De Baryls could afford a steam yacht.

VAN BANK. — Oh, yes! Why, De Baryl could afford a gubernatorial boom!

TRANSLATED.

MRS. ROBINSON. — Miss Brown is quite a pleasing conversationalist.

ROBINSON. — Good listener, eh?

A BUSINESS-WOMAN.

The teller waits upon her beck
The while his mirth endures,
Till she adds a postscript to her check,
And signs it, "Fondly yours!"

Roe L. Hendrick.



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AN AWFUL DISAPPOINTMENT.

SHIPWRECKED MARINER. — Heavens be praised! Food at last!

"My!" he said; "Samantha, be them that play-actresses' clo'es?"

Mrs. Spaulding nodded grimly.

"Well, all I've got to say, Samantha," remarked Reuben Pett, as he straightened himself up and started out to bring their chariot to the door; "all I've got to say, and all I want to say, is that she must be a mighty fine figure of a woman, and that you're busting her seams."

[Concluded in our next.]



THE PUNISHMENT OF PRIDE.

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MISS UFFINGHAM.—I reckon dis here stuffed pigeon in my new hat will make every colored lady in town crazy wif jealousy!



HAWK.—That looks like a pigeon on that woman's head. I'll investigate it.

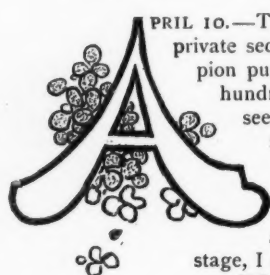


"It is a pigeon;—how lucky!"



"I'm sorry that woman feels so badly; but I really had to have this pigeon—the children are simply starving!"

DIARY OF A CHAMPION'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.



APRIL 10.—To-day, in response to an advertisement for a private secretary, I called upon Mr. Tug Biffem, champion pugilist of the world. I am six feet tall, weigh two hundred pounds, and am a fair amateur boxer. He seemed to like me, and when he learned that I speak French, German, Greek, Latin and Hebrew fluently, he engaged me.

"All great men have their private secretaries now," he said, in explanation, "and, as I am working hard to elevate the ring and the stage, I don't see why I should n't sport one, too."

"What are to be my duties?" I asked.

"Oh, you are to write my letters, challenges and magazine articles, stand between me and the public generally, and talk for me when I sprain my voice. As for the rest—why, you know what a private secretary ordinarily does! Your salary will be ten dollars a week as a starter. I'd give you more; but you know the literary business is a dead-frost now."

APRIL 11.—No letters to-day. I fear I shall forget my short-hand. Wrote two hundred "Tug Biffems" on the champion's photographs.

APRIL 12.—Helped dress the champion and gave him a rub-down.

APRIL 13.—Sunday. Narrowly escaped being fired to-day. Won ten dollars from the champion, playing poker. After the game he put on the gloves with me. When we play poker again, I think I shall lose money.

APRIL 14.—"The Harlem Kid" called at the stage door to-night. In my capacity as literary buffer between Biffem and the clamorous public, I met the Kid. Biffem has underestimated the Kid's hitting powers.

APRIL 15.—We passed through Indiana to-day. Biffem fought in this state two years ago, and, learning that a warrant had been issued for his arrest, he delegated me to be his understudy for the day. The parlor-car porter concealed him when the sheriff boarded the train, and I am now in jail at Roby. I think I can prove an alibi.

APRIL 16.—Was released on writ of habeas corpus to-day, and joined Biffem in Chicago. He raised my salary to eleven dollars a week. As he says, he never goes back on a friend.

APRIL 17.—Biffem boxes with me daily. Great sport—for Biffem.

APRIL 18.—I officiated as stage manager and valet, played four minor parts in "The Modern Gladiator," and sang "Marguerite" between the third and fourth acts to-night. What a curse it is to be so versatile!

APRIL 19.—Smasher, Biffem's sparring partner, was inadvertently knocked out by the champion at to-day's matinee, and I was ordered to go on in his place to-night. Biffem promised to tap me gently. He says he kept his word, and that the scenery fell on me. It must have been a night scene—there were so many stars.

APRIL 20.—I took on church for Biffem to-day, and he raised my salary to twelve dollars.

APRIL 21.—Chicago proves an arctic frost; poor house to-night.

APRIL 22.—"The Birmingham Rosebud" passed the stage door-keeper in some manner to-night, and word was brought to Biffem in his dressing-room that the Rosebud was laying for him outside. As Biffem was getting a rub-down, he deputized me to take on the Rosebud.

"Tell him you're my private secretary, and that if you can't lick him, I'll be out as soon as I can get dressed," he said.

"It seems to me, Mr. Biffem," I protested, "that such a task is hardly one of the duties of a private secretary."

"Did n't I hire you to stand between me and the public?" he roared. "Go out and lick him, or I'll take a fall out of you!"

I was between Biffem and Rosebud, and I chose Rosebud. * * * * *Veni, vidi, vici!* It was easier than I expected, and they took the petals away in an ambulance. Biffem was much pleased. My salary is to be thirteen dollars a week hereafter; but Mother would n't know her boy to-night.

APRIL 28.—To-day was my first as private secretary to Rev. Dr. F. Jeremiah Tubbs.

Earle H. Eaton.



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QUITE A DIFFERENCE.

LORD TUFFNUTT.—You have nothing to grumble at; you were a rich American girl, I an impoverished English nobleman with a proud title. You bought me with your wealth. I was what you would call, in shopping, a bargain!

LADY TUFFNUTT.—Pardon me! Not a bargain;—a remnant.

A DESPERATE REMEDY.

MABEL.—How did you manage for partners at the hop?

FLO.—We dispensed with the music and danced with the members of the orchestra.—*Brooklyn Eagle*.

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A USEFUL PRESENT.

MISS BLEECKER (rapturously).—Yes; and Papa says he will give us
a house in Brooklyn. Is n't that grand?

MADISON SQUEERS (enthusiastically).—Well, I should say so! Why,
we can rent it for enough to hire a suite of rooms uptown!

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relief surprising
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—S. F. Book and News Dealer.

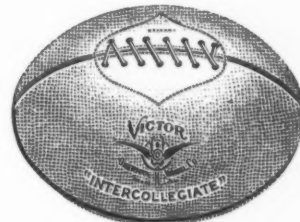
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WIFE.—Horror! Why do you think so?
HUSBAND.—The men have passed a law against it.—*New York Weekly*.

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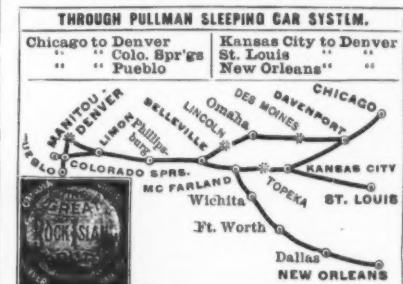
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WIFE.—There! I've sent my trunk to the station and I forgot to put my bathing suit in.

HUSBAND.—Never mind, dear. Here is the box your wedding ring came in; pack it in that. — *Norristown Herald.*

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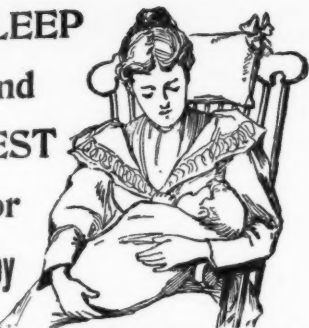
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MUCH IN A NAME.

CITIZEN.—What did you do with that gang of tramps arrested last night?

MAGISTRATE.—They said they were not a gang, but an "army;" so I tendered them a banquet and bought them tickets for the next town.—*New York Weekly.*

AN ORDER EASILY FILLED.

"I'll take a little of everything," said Taddles to the waiter, after glancing over the bill-of-fare at the restaurant.

"Yes, sir," replied the waiter, who straightway brought a plate of hash.—*Detroit Free Press.*

ORA E SEMPRE.

DUMBLE.—What's a good thing for seasickness, Wimble?

WIMBLE.—Suck a lemon just before it comes on and another one after it's all over. That's the best cure I've ever seen for seasickness.—*South Boston News.*

HER OWN.

"Was she self-possessed when you proposed to her?"

"Yes; and — er — she is yet."—*Truth.*

The Actor

finds the thing that serves
To quickest quiet pulsing nerves
is Bromo-Seltzer.

WHEN a man talks about his "principles," he usually means his prejudice.—*Albion Globe.*



Sweetens the Breath, Aids Digestion and Prevents Dyspepsia. No other like it.

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A HEROIC STRUGGLE.

ISAACS.—Vell, I hear Goldberg failed. He made a big fight before he vent under.

COHEN.—Yes. For three monts he adertised for a bartner mit kapital to share der brofits of der business.

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A refined complexion must use Pozzoni's Pow-
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CHARLEY YARDLACE.—I'm too handsome to have to work for a living! My vacation begins to-morrow, and I shall lay my plans to ensnare some heiress.



(At Mountain Retreat.) "Ha, ha! There is my chance! The only daughter of a millionaire, and heart-free, too. I'll get an introduction to her to-morrow, take her out for a boat ride the next day, accidentally upset the boat—rescue her—and—Biff! a fortune and a handsome wife!



"Aw, yes, Miss Goldrox! Though I have known you only a few hours, I know our acquaintance will ripen into friendship—and—er—who can tell what else?



"Have no fear, Arabel—er—Miss Goldrox. As you say, your father would n't have anything happen you for all his millions; but with Charley Yardlace you have naught to fear.



"Cling to me, fair one! You are as safe as in your mother's arms. (Aside.) She does n't know I'm walking on bottom, though.



"Ha, ha! My plans worked far better than I dared hope. I now await an emissary from her father, offering me her hand and fortune! Ah, what visions pass before my gaze! Hark! I hear footsteps."



EMISSARIES.—Say, young feller, we're constables of this township, and and here's a bill from John Goldrox for his daughter's dress what got sp'iled when you dumped her in the lake. Pay up or go to jail! See?



CHARLEY.—Well, that's the last heiress snap I'll ever try to work!